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STEPNEY CHURCH, AND "THE FISH AND RING."

WHAT Londoner has not visited, or heard of the poetic fame of, Stepney churchyard, and the tributary tears of its mortal muses; and what lover of parochial legends has not read of "the Fish and Ring."

The parish of Stepney is of considerable extent; it lies eastward of London, bounded by parishes which were formerly its hamlets, and on the south by the river Thames. Mr. Lysons tells us "the ancient name of this place was Stibenhede, Stebenhythe, or Stebunheth. The termination is a well-known Saxon word, signifying a haven or wharf. I know not how to complete the etymology, unless we suppose it to have been the timber wharf, from *Steb*, the trunk of a tree. Some have taken Stiben, or Steben, for a corruption of Steven." We pass over many other interesting antiquarian notices of the district, among which Stow relates, that, in the year 1299, a parliament was held at Stepney in the house of Henry Walleis, mayor of London, when that monarch confirmed the charter of liberties. In several years of the seventeenth century, Stepney suffered extensively from the ravages of the plague. In 1625, 2,978 persons fell victims to this disorder. In 1665, the number of persons who died of the plague here, was, according to the parish clerk's account, 6,583. In the *Life of Lord Clarendon* it is observed, that "the plague had swept away so many seamen (Stepney and the places adjacent, which was their common habitation, being almost depopu-



Lady Berry's Tomb.

lated,) that there seemed an impossibility to procure sailors to set out the fleet."

The church is a large Gothic structure, of stone and flint: it is dedicated to St. Dunstan and All Saints, and consists of a chancel, nave, and two aisles, separated by clustered columns and pointed arches. At the west end is a square tower, surmounted by a turret and flag-staff.* No part of the building appears to be of earlier date than the 14th century, and several of the windows are of much later date. Until a repair which took place about eighteen years since, an embattled parapet ranged along the principal parts of the building.† In the south wall of the chancel are two stone stalls with pointed arches; and on the north side is a marble monument, with a groined elliptical arch, (under which stands an altar-tomb,) to the memory of Sir Henry Colet, knt. citizen and mercer of London: it appears originally to have had a rich Gothic canopy, and corresponding pillars, which have been displaced by ill-judged repairs. Sir Henry was Lord Mayor in 1486 and 1495, and father of Dr. John Colet, founder of St. Paul's School: his tomb is kept in repair by the Mercers' Company. On the north wall also is the tomb of Sir John Berry, 1689, who was knighted by Charles II. for his courage at the battle of Solebay, in 1672; was an admiral at La Hogue, and in 1680 was made rear-admiral of the fleet. In the north-east corner is a marble monument of the good Samaritan, in relief, by Westmacott, in memory of B. Kenton, Esq. who died in 1800, aged 83, and left 63,550*l.* to the charity schools in his parish and neighbourhood; besides upwards of 30,000*l.* to his friends. Within the west was a stone porch, (now in the vestry,) with an inscription, stating it to have been part of the wall of Carthage.‡

The churchyard acquires an extraneous interest from the notice bestowed on it by Steele, in *The Spectator*, dated Friday, October, 24, 1712, the day after the announcement of the death of Sir Roger de Coverley. Talking of death, and having mentioned an epitaph, the writer says, "I must tell you, sir, that I have made a discovery of a churchyard in which I believe you might spend an afternoon with great pleasure to yourself and

to the public. It belongs to the church of Stebon-Heathe, commonly called Stepney. Whether or not it be that the people of that parish have a particular genius for an epitaph, or that there be some great poet among them who undertakes that work by the great, I cannot tell; but there are more remarkable inscriptions in that place than in any other I have met with; and I may say without vanity, that there is not a gentleman in England better read in tomb-stones than myself, my studies having laid very much in churchyards. I shall beg leave to send you a couple of epitaphs for a sample of those I have now mentioned. They are written in a different manner; the first being in the diffused and luxuriant, the second in the close, contracted style. The first has much of the simple and pathetic; the second is something light, but nervous. The first is thus:—

Here Thomas Saffin lies interr'd, ah! why?
Born in New England, did in London die;
Was the third son of right† begot upon
His mother Martha, by his favour'd John;
Much favour'd by his Prince, he 'gan to be,
But nipt by death at the age of thirty-three.
Fatal to him was that we small pox name,
By which his mother and two brethren came
Also to breathe their last, nine years before
And now have left their children to deplore
The loss of all his children, with that wife
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

Deceased June the 18th, 1687.**

Dr. Johnson's observation, upon reading the second line of this epitaph, was, "I do not wonder at this; it *would* have been strange if, born in London, he had died in New England." Saffin's tomb was restored by his countrymen in 1750.

The second epitaph referred to in *The Spectator* is as follows:

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spitalfields weaver, and that's all.

This laconic distich is not now to be seen. The monument represented in the annexed page remains to be noticed. It is a marble slab attached to the outside of the east wall of the chancel, to the memory of Dame Rebecca Berry, wife of Sir Thomas Elton, of Stratford-Bow, and relict of Sir John Berry, 1696; with the following inscription:

Come, LADIES, ye that would appear
Like angels fine, come, dress you here;
Come, dress you at this marble stone,
And make this humble grave your own,
Which once adorn'd as fair a mind,
As ere yet lodg'd in womankind.
So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife;
Free from all envious brawls and jars,
Of human life the civil wars;
These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind.
Her very looks, her garb her mien,
Disclos'd the humble soul within.
Trace her through every scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife;

§ In the *Spectator*, erroneously printed Sapper.
|| In the *Spectator* printed and.

† In the *Spectator* printed eight.

** The last figure of the date is now illegible.

* This is the constant appendage of water-side parish churches. On the death of a late rector, the flag was hoisted on the church, half staff high, in denotation of grief. The tower contains a fine set of bells: the tenor was given by Nicholas Chadworth, renewed by Thomas Marson, in 1386; recast in 1689; and again in 1764.

† A view of Stepney Church, with this embattled parapet, will be found in *The Mirror*, vol. iv. It must have been sketched eighteen years since. The Engraving in the annexed page represents a general view of the present state of the church.

‡ The inscription will be found in the brief account of the church, appended to the Engraving, in *The Mirror*, vol. iv.

Still the same humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years;
Ne'er vexed with this, nor mov'd with that.
Go, LADIES, now, and if you'd be
As fair, as great, and good as she,
Go learn of her Humility.

The arms on this monument are—Paly of six on a bend three mullets (Elton) impaling, a fish, and in the dexter chief point an annulet between two bends wavy. This coat of arms, which exactly corresponds with that borne by Ventris of Cambridgeshire, has given rise to a tradition, that Lady Berry was the heroine of a popular ballad called "The Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer's Daughter;" the story of which is briefly this:—A knight, passing by a cottage, hears the cries of a woman in labour; his knowledge in the occult sciences informs him, that the child then born was destined to be his wife; he endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so ignoble an alliance, by various attempts to destroy the child, which are defeated. At length, when grown to woman's state, he takes her to the sea side, intending to drown her, but relents; at the same time throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again, on pain of instant death, unless she can produce that ring. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in a cod fish, as she is dressing it for dinner. The marriage takes place of course. The ballad, it must be observed, lays the scene of this story in Yorkshire. The incident of the fish and ring occurs in other stories, and may be found in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

It must be added, painful as may be the information to the legend-loving reader, that the leading incidents of the above story are of far greater antiquity than the age in which Dame Elton flourished; as Hamlet says, "the time is out of joint." The well-pointed moral of the epitaph remains, though the romance of the tradition be marred by sober, stubborn truth.

In the churchyard also "lie sleeping," Matthew Mead, a Puritan divine, appointed to a chapel at Shadwell, by Cromwell: he was the father of the celebrated Dr. Mead, who was born at Stepney, in the apartments over the ancient brick gateway, opposite the Rectory, in 1673, and in 1696, first began practice here. Here also lie, Elizabeth Goodlad, and her 20 daughters; the Rev. W. Vickers, author of the Companion to the Altar; Sir John Leake, admiral of Queen Anne's fleet; a family of six persons, who were burnt to death in the Mile End Road; the father of Strype, the historian; and Roger Crab, as sour an eccentric as his surname can imply, who lived long on bran, dock-leaves, grass, and water, and deemed it a sin against his soul to eat flesh, or to drink fermented liquor.

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ANCIENT DAGGER FOUND AT STONEHENGE.

(To the Editor.)

AT page 40 of your last volume, you gave the description of an ancient dagger, supposed to be the model of those employed in the massacre at Stonehenge; which I think is wrong, for, according to the description, it must have been made by some person or persons practised in the ornamental arts, which I do not think the Saxons could be at that period, all their time being taken up in piratical expeditions, and in constant warfare with their neighbouring states; and it is not to be supposed that the Britons were so much enamoured of the weapon so treacherously used against them as to cause them to make a model of it. I should rather think, from the spot where it was found, that it was a British trophy, acquired from the Romans; or perhaps it belonged to a Romanized Briton, and was carried there when they retired before the Saxons. The treacherous massacre alluded to is said to have been concerted by Gurtheryn, (Vortigern,) the British pendragon, (leader,) who wished to obtain absolute power; and by the Saxons, to acquire firm possession of what they had seized, and the easy conquest of the remainder. Each party thought their objects might be attained by the destruction of the leaders of the people. As the readiest means of perpetrating this horrid plot, a meeting was held for the purpose of forming a treaty of peace between the two nations. The British chiefs, according to custom, came unarmed, expecting their enemies to do the same; but the Saxons, during the proceedings, drew long knives from under their garments, and treacherously massacred the confiding Britons.

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CYMMRO.

THE TYROLESE HUNTERS.

WITH morn upon the hills
We greet the earliest flush of purple light,
And joy each bosom fills,
As we pursue the deer across the height.

Our horn resounds afar,
And vivid feelings to the spirit brings,
And Evening's silver star
Reveals to us the lustre of its wings.

Ours is no craven's life,
But one of triumph with the bold and brave;
Designed for deeds of strife,
We spear the wild boar in his mountain-cave.

With shout and festal song
We pass the night beneath the forest tree,
And gently glide along
Our moments like a vernal stream set free.

The lovely and the bright
In fairy shapes around our path extend,
Impassive as the light
Which with their natural beauty seems to blend.

Let nothing break our rest,
Save the lone torrent with its misty foam,
And many a heart unblest
In stately halls, shall seek the hunter's home!

G. R. C.

ANOINTED STONES.

THE following account of anointed stones is given in *Maurice's Indian Antiquities* :—

"One of the idols in the pagoda of Jaggernaut is described by Captain Hamilton as a huge, black stone, of a pyramidal form; and the Sommona Codom, among the Siamese, is of the same complexion. The Ayeen Akbery mentions an actagonal pillar of black stone, and about fifty cubits high. Tavernier observes, there is an idol of black stone in the pagoda of Benares, and that the statue, Cheesna, in this celebrated temple of Mathura, is of black marble. It is very remarkable, that one of the principal ceremonies incumbent upon the priests of the stone deities, according to Tavernier, is to anoint them daily with odoriferous oils—a circumstance which immediately brings to our remembrance the similar practice of Jacob, who, after the famous vision of the celestial ladder, recorded in scripture, 'took the stone which he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.' It is added, that he called the name of that place *Beth-el*—that is, 'the house of God,' as the patriarch himself explains the word: 'for this stone, which I have put up for a pillar, shall be called God's house.' This passage evinces of how great antiquity the custom is of considering stones in a sacred light, as well as the anointing them with consecrated oil. From this conduct of Jacob, and his Hebrew appellative, the learned Bochart, with great ingenuity and reason, insists that the name and veneration of the sacred stones called *Betyli*, so celebrated in all Pagan antiquity, were derived. These *betyli* were stones of a round form: they were supposed to be animated, by means of magical incantations, with a portion of the Deity: they were consulted, on occasions of great and pressing emergency, as a kind of divine oracles; and were suspended, either round the neck, or some other part of the body of the enraptured devotee. Thus, the setting up of a stone by this holy person, in grateful memory of the celestial vision, probably became the occasion of idolatry in succeeding ages, to these shapeless masses of unhewn stone, of which so many astonishing remains are scattered up and down the Asiatic, and, I may add, the European world."

W. G. C.

Fine Arts.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE present Exhibition of modern pictures at the British Gallery is generally considered superior to those of the last two or three years. This opinion is highly gratifying to those who are interested in the advancement of the Fine Arts in this country; and must

be equally so to our young artists, as it testifies that their exertions are duly appreciated.

Mr. Good, in No. 6, *An Old Sailor*, and No. 10, *No News*, displays his usual talent, by introducing a vivid effect of light upon his figures. *No News* represents an old gentleman, who appears to have been looking over a morning paper; and the expression of his countenance implies how much he is dissatisfied with its contents. No. 13, *A Fishing-bout coming ashore near Folkstone*, painted by Mr. Copley Fielding, and 14, *John Anderson my Joe*, by Mr. Knight, are beautiful specimens of art, though the subjects are very dissimilar. No. 16 is an animating subject from the *Waverley Novels*, representing Brian de Bois Gilbert carrying off Rebecca from the burning castle of Torquilstone, painted by A. Cooper, R.A.; and 21, *Back of Calais Pier*, displays that chasteness of colouring so peculiar to the artist, Mr. John Wilson. Mr. Woodward's picture, 25, *The Watering-place*, is remarkably delicate in the execution, and light and pleasing in colour. A horse appears drinking in a pool of water, while two little boys, one of whom is mounted on the animal's back, are vainly endeavouring to pull him away. The puny efforts of the little urchins and the sturdy strength of the horse are finely contrasted. Mr. Hoffland's *View of the Town of Menaggio, on the Lake of Como*, 27, possesses peculiar grandeur; and 34, *A Visit to the Harem*, by Mrs. Carpenter, displays great brilliancy of colour. No. 60, *The Eagle's Crag*, is painted much in the style of Gaspar Poussin, by Mr. O'Connor. There are many excellent qualities in 64, *Skittle-players*, by W. Collins, R.A., though the group to the left of the picture is rather objectionable, as it draws our attention from the principal figures: it is altogether, however, beautifully coloured, and masterly in the execution. No. 70, *Fruit*, by Mr. Lance; and 74, *Cattle on the Banks of a River*, by Mr. F. R. Lee, are admirable delineations of nature. Mr. Morton, in 92, *Cottage Children*, evinces great ability, though his picture is rather too much in the manner and colouring of Gainsborough. A similar objection may be advanced with respect to Mr. Middleton's *Dorothea*, 119, which is almost a *fac simile* of Mr. Etty's style. No. 124, *Giacopa Querini refusing to enter into the conspiracy with Boemondo Thiepolo, to put to death the Doge Gradenigo, on the 16th of June, 1310*, by Mr. Hart, and 137, *Hawking*, by Edwin Landseer, R.A., are excellent works, especially the latter. No. 179, *Shakespeare's Cliff, Dover*, by Mr. Stanley. 236, *The Spanish Refugees*, Mr. Knight, and 263, *Forum of Nerva, Rome*, by Mr. Harry Wilson, are all clever and interesting pictures. Mr. Novicé displays considerable taste in 308, *The Interior of the British Gallery*, in which several well-painted portraits are intro-

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duced. No. 340 represents *Mokannul revealing his features to Zelica—from the veiled Prophet of Korassan*. This picture is creditable to the painter, Mr. David McClise.

There are many other excellent works in the Exhibition:—those of Beechey, Stark, Clater, Kidd, and Buss, deserve particular attention. G. W. N.

Contemporary Traveller.

GENEVA AND VOLTAIRE.

(Notes from a recent Tour.)

[In garnering facts from the *Gardeners' Magazine* for last month, our eye chanced to fall upon a paper of "Horticultural Jottanda," by one of Mr. Loudon's well-informed Correspondents, during "a recent Continental Tour." The writer belongs to a very useful school of observant tourists, who publish for the better information of the reader, and not for the exposure of their own vanity. His particulars of Geneva are as interesting as they are minute, and they exhibit, moreover, a knowledge of, and attention to, the beauties of nature, which the mere describers of palaces and showhouses pass over in their conceited adoration of the labours of art. The opening notes of our extract denote the writer to be a shrewd and enthusiastic observer.]

Having arrived at Geneva, I shall, before proceeding farther, give the following list of such plants as I observed by the wayside, on the road from Paris to that city, by Dijon, &c. Most of them I was enabled to collect specimens of by walking up the hills; which may always be done provided the traveller takes his place on the outside, or in the *compée*, and secures the good offices of the *conducteur* by a small gratuity. Some of the plants, however, I cannot be absolutely certain of, as far as regards species, having only seen them from the diligence; and plants are not things that "he who runs may read."

[He then enumerates a variety of plants.]

Such are a few of the plants from the immense flora of France; which are not given as a complete list of those to be found between Paris and Geneva, but merely to show the young gardener that some botanical knowledge may be snatched up even while whirling along on the diligence.

We now return to Geneva. The ground on which the town is built is hilly, which makes most of the streets tortuous and *pénible* (tiring). The houses are high, from five to six stories in general, and are not unfrequently deformed by shed roof arcades, supported by clumsy wooden posts, which reach to the top of the house; most of the streets are rather narrow; the pavement, however, is good.

There are numerous fountains, supplied by fourteen pumps, each of 11 in. diameter,

wrought by the rushing waters of the Rhone, the whole of the machinery of which is made of wood. Yet they discharge water at the height of 100 ft. The water-wheel, which is, of course, undershot, is inclosed in a dark wooden shed, standing, as the whole structure does, on wooden piles in the water. The only light admitted into this shed is through, and a little above, the surface of the water; and the flashing and foaming of the bright blue water in the darksome gloom produces an effect almost magical.

Two wooden bridges cross the Rhone which divides the town into two parts, and, with the adjacent extremity of Lake Lemman, insulates one of them.

The principal street runs nearly parallel with one of these branches, and near it a new quay is now being built for the small craft, which ply upon the lake, to moor at. From this lower part of the town there is but little view: but, on ascending to the terrace walks, at the most elevated part possible, the view is extremely magnificent. It overlooks the whole city with its picturesque and scattered roofs, and its cathedral built on the spot where once stood a pagan temple of the sun. The deep blue lake, stretching until the villages on its beautiful shores dip below the horizon; and with an atmosphere so pure, that village and church, tower and hamlet, piercing through the forestry, are seen as clear at forty miles' distance as at five in our murkier climate.

Jura's lofty ridge, closed almost throughout with dark pine forests, on one side, on the other the everlasting Alps, enwrapped in clouds and snow, embrace the matchless landscape. Between them and the lake, on which many a sail expands its placid wing, terraces of nature's sloping smile with every variety of sylvan beauty and rural elegance, and rejoice in an educated gentry and an intellectual and contented peasantry.

Geneva is wholly surrounded with walls and trenches, across which, in one place, a light and elegant wire suspension bridge is built; in the neighbourhood of which is the observatory, a small building, surmounted by two hemispherical domes of tin. The use of tin, that is, tinned sheet iron, is universal throughout Switzerland, for covering roofs, for eave shoots, trunks, &c.; and nothing can show more fully the exquisite purity and great dryness of the air, than that, in such exposed situations, it retains its fine silvery lustre for years. By a mistaken and miserable parsimony, tin has been of late occasionally used for such purposes in these countries, even for government works, and in a short time presents nothing but a few shreds of rusty iron.

Geneva has always been the peculiar abode of political and religious freedom; and, even now, the inhabitants approach nearer to those

healthy and peculiarly English habits of mind, which free institutions produce, than perhaps any other people on the Continent.

An admirable system of public instruction and public reward is, and has long been, in operation; and its effects are manifest even on the lowest orders.

In fine, "were the world all before me where to choose" to anchor my bark of life, that choice should be at Geneva.

In this rapid sketch, we must pass over any description of its library, with the homilies of St. Augustine, written on papyrus of the sixth century, its museum, with all the labours of Saussure and De Luc, and all the tempting glories of its elegant *bijouterie*, &c. to make an excursion to Ferney, and visit all that remains of the abode of him

"Who was all fire and sickness; a child
Most matable in wishes; but, in mind,
A wit as various, gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher combined."

—need I say of Voltaire?

The way from Geneva is through a rich and highly cultivated country; corn and pasture, chestnuts and orchards, and here and there a vine or fig tree, embroider the face of nature into a garden. Well kept fences and hedge-rows skirt the shady roads, which not a little resemble some of the finer parts of our own country. The house in which Voltaire so long resided, where he drew around him the learned and the noble of every nation, and where he received the ambassadors of the Russian empress, is now a tenantless mansion, the desolated goal of travelling curiosity.*

"Decay's effacing fingers" press heavily on all around: the house is disfurnished, save of some mouldy pictures, a few chairs and tables, and a bed, said to have been Voltaire's. The grounds were laid out in the old French style of gardening. A straight avenue, many of the trees of which have fallen to decay, leads to the house.

The garden consists at present but of a long straight *berceau* (bower) walk of beeches, rampant and unclipped, where many of those works were composed which, while they delighted by their wit, poisoned the very sources of human morals. This walk, which commands a noble view of the high Alps, was the favourite musing-place of Voltaire.

Near the house is a circular fountain basin half choked with rubbish and leaves, whose *jet d'eau* has long ceased to murmur; a dark green moss covering every walk, and the old *bosquet* (thicket) is a jungle of weeds.

The reflections suggested by visiting this spot are any thing but pleasant. Perhaps no man ever attained greater literary popularity during his lifetime than Voltaire; in fact, his death was caused by overwhelming admi-

ration and public honours; yet few men's memories are dwelt on with less sympathy, or fewer praises. Among all that deserves reprehension, it is consolatory to find some traits related that bespeak benevolence of disposition. All that deserves praise in his voluminous writings is his poignant wit, and the elegant speciousness with which he was able to clothe the weakest sophistry. But he has made no discoveries, and has added nothing to the stock of human knowledge; and, however he may have been instrumental in promoting the misery, it is certain he has devised nothing to increase the happiness, of man.

A steam-boat now plies upon Lake Lemman, from and to Geneva, touching at most of the principal towns upon the shores of this magnificent sheet of water. This lake, certainly the most beautiful and one of the most extensive in Europe, is of nearly the shape of a half-moon, the convex side of which is towards the north. It is about eighteen leagues in length, and four in breadth; its depth varies from 40 ft. to 900 ft.; its height above the level of the sea is about 1,000 ft. It receives the waters of upwards of forty rivers, of which the Rhone is the largest. Owing to its great average depth, it never freezes, except near the edge in very severe winter. Similar agitations to those once observed in Loch Tay, in Scotland, have been seen in it; namely, sudden rising and falling of the waters, at particular spots, above and below their usual level, succeeded by oscillations, until they return to their ordinary situations. This phenomenon may arise either from land-slips, so to speak, taking place under the water; that is to say, large masses of debris detached by the water falling from the sides of subaqueous precipices, or from the water suddenly forcing its way into large cavities or subaqueous caverns, which, from the nature of the strata, are not unlikely to exist in Lake Lemman. It contains a great many species of fish. I have not had an opportunity of examining the washes of its shores; but from their mineral composition, at least on the Jura side, they do not seem likely to afford a very rich botanical harvest.

There is but a single islet in the lake, so small as to be probably but the pinnacle of an immersed mountain; two or three bushes grow on it, nevertheless; it is nearly opposite the rocks of La Meilleraye.

It was a morning of exulting sunshine and loveliness when we sailed from Geneva for Villeneuve, and so for some time it remained; but, alas! fine weather, that most essential of all comforts to the traveller, soon deserted us. Behind the snowy Alps, that relieved themselves in dazzling whiteness, against the clear, blue sky, a colossal nimbus, dark as despair, gradually rose, with ragged, whitish, thundery-looking rack sweeping about be-

* For an Engraving of the House and Grounds, see *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 81.

Anecdote Gallery.

TABLE TALK OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

(From an amusing article on his Works and Life, in *Tait's Magazine*.)

THOUGH Hall was himself a man of high and warm imagination, and brilliant fancy, his truly noble mind sympathized far more strongly with moral than with intellectual greatness. Hence his low opinion of Lord Byron, the idol of the day:—"I tried to read *Childe Harold*," he said to a friend, "but could not get on, and gave it up." "But, sir," replied the friend, "independently of the mere poetry, it must be interesting to contemplate such a remarkable mind as Byron's." "It is well enough, sir, to have a general acquaintance with such a character; but I know not why we should take pleasure in minutely investigating deformity."

When some one admired Madame de St  l's "flights of fancy," Hall said, "he could not for his part admire her flights, for to him she was generally invisible; not because she ascended to a great height above the earth, but because she invariably selected a foggy atmosphere." "This lady, it may be remembered, was almost worshipped by his friend, Sir James Mackintosh. Of the powers of that celebrated person, with an allowance for the natural partiality of early friendship, Mr. Hall appears to have formed a true and penetrating estimate. "I know no man," he said emphatically in conversation, "equal to Sir James in talents;—the powers of his mind are admirably balanced; he is defective only in imagination;" and, by imagination, Hall appears to have understood originality, power, invention.

We shall give an example of the soundness of Mr. Hall's literary taste, apart altogether from his religious or political opinions. Dr. Gregory, who was a very young man at the beginning of their acquaintance, one day employed the word *felicity* very frequently in conversation. "Why do you say *felicity*, sir?" he asked;—"happiness is a better word, more musical, and genuine English, coming from the Saxon." "Not more musical, I think, sir." "Yes, more musical; and so are words derived from the Saxon generally. Listen, sir: 'Under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.' There's cheerful music." "Yes; but *rejoice* is French." "True; but all the rest is Saxon; and *rejoice* is almost out of tune with the other words. Listen again: 'Thou hast delivered my eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling.' All Saxon, sir, except *deliver*. I could think of the word *tear*, sir, till I wept. Then, again, for another noble specimen, and almost all good old Saxon-English:—'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'"

neath it. Up it rose, and, with the rapidity of the lowering of the footlights in a theatre it threw a cold gloominess over the before sunny landscape. The clear, blue lake became black as ink. The great cloud now covered the whole heaven. The rack seemed violently agitated over the crest of Jura. A few large, heavy, spitting drops of rain fell upon the deck of the steamer; a bright, blinding flash of lightning, and almost instantly a deafening thunder, that seemed to shake the very timbers of the ship, burst above us, and rumbled away in reiterated reverberations from crag to crag.

— "Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere feras, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor."

"Earth feels the motions of her angry god:
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes every human breast;
Their pride is humbled and their fear confess'd."

Dryden's trans.

Down came the rain; and such rain as, in force and heaviness, I never saw equalled;—

— "Fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor."

"And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebound."

Dryden's trans.

After about an hour, its extreme violence subsided; the clouds descended gradually to about within 100 ft. of the surface of the lake, and there they hung for the rest of the day, copiously distilling a thick, small, drenching rain, something of the Scotch mist order.

However, underneath this pluviose canopy, and that of an umbrella, we were enabled to see, though not to advantage, the many picturesque châteaux and villages past which we swept:—Copet, Lausanne, Vevay, Clarens; names ever associated with the undying fame of De Staël, Gibbon, and Rousseau.

"Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthralls;"

and beyond which the beetling brow of the mountain overhangs, in almost perpendicular abruptness, yet clothed, for the most part, with a rich verdure of ivy and procumbent shrubs. Small seems the height of that lofty "donjon," when matched against the loftier rock, that seems to frown haughtily upon it, the ancient abode of feudal tyranny, where once the magnanimous and patriotic Bonnard chafed in unjust imprisonment.

British Museum.—The number of persons admitted to view the British Museum has wonderfully increased of late years. In 1826, 79,131 were admitted; in 1827, 81,228; 1828, 68,101; 1829, 71,336; 1830, 99,112; 1831, 147,896. About 1,950 visited the reading-rooms in 1810; 8,820 in 1820; and 46,800 in 1832.

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"ARTHUR'S OVEN."

THIS remarkable monument of antiquity stood at a short distance from the celebrated Carron Iron-works, on a little rising above the banks of the river Carron. Its singular form led to its being called "Arthur's Oven," by the peasantry of the district, from its resemblance to an oven, and a rude guess at its age;* although antiquaries have not so readily acquiesced in the latter point as the less informed people. Its accredited founder was Caius Carausius, an ambitious adventurer of the third century, whose history appears to warrant the above conclusion, and, moreover, includes some interesting illustrations of the early British navy. In these we are materially assisted by the following passage from the first volume of Mr. Southey's *Naval History of England*, published during the past week.† Our extract commences with reference to the well-known conquest of Britain by Agricola:—

"It was chiefly by means of his ships that Agricola completed the reduction of the island, as far as it was reduced. From that time the Romans kept a fleet upon its coast; and if the title archigubernus is not rather to be interpreted chief pilot, Seius Saturninus was the first high admiral of the British fleet whose name appears in history, and the only Roman one whose name has been preserved.

* In doubt of the age of relics, it is not uncommon for persons uninformed on the precise matter, to refer the subject at once to some distinguished character, rather than the relic should remain nameless. The British prince Arthur is a favoured name in these cases of doubt, and reasonably enough so; for his history is so mingled with extravagant fiction, that little can be extracted with any certainty, and, consequently, there will be less chance of the detection of error in ascribing actions to him, than if his history were clearly established. In later times, Queen Elizabeth has been the favoured founder of many buildings, whose site her "progressing" majesty, notwithstanding her itinerant propensity, never approached.

† Cabinet Cyclopaedia, vol. 40.

He held that station (whichever it may have been) in the reigns of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius.‡ But there is nothing uncertain concerning the rank and character of the next person, who, after an interval of two centuries, kept the British seas, and first made Britain a maritime power. This person, Caius Carausius by name, and by birth a Menapien of the lowest origin, had been, for his approved courage and nautical skill, appointed to the command of the Roman fleet, which had its station at Gessoriacum, (now Boulogne), in his native country. With this fleet he was to scour the seas, and clear them of the northern sea-rovers, who had now begun to infest all civilized coasts within their reach. But he, whose object at that time was to enrich himself, compounded with the pirates, instead of destroying them; and when he learnt that this practice was suspected, he suffered them to pass unmolested on their outward voyage, and intercepted them on their return, laden with booty, which he took to himself, distributing it among his men, so as to secure their fidelity. Maximian, who then governed the western division of the empire, rightly apprehended that Carausius was meditating some scheme of usurpation. In those ages power constituted right; and any means seem to have been thought allowable for retaining, at least, if not for acquiring it. The readiest means, perhaps the only ones, which occurred to the emperor for preventing an intended treason, was to make away with the traitor; and, as a Mohammedan Sultan would now do towards a

‡ Henry I. 492. Selden, *Mere Clausum*, lib. ii. c. 4, there quoted. The Britannia on our copper coin differs little, except in costume, from the Britannia on the copper coin of Antoninus Pius.—This comparison must be considered as, in some measure, invalidating the current tradition of the figure of Britannia being adopted by Charles II. from one of the beautiful women of his court.—Ed. M.

governor whom he suspected, he sent a messenger to assassinate him.* The attempt was either foreseen or frustrated; and Carausius, sailing across to Britain, persuaded the Roman troops there, and the people in general, to take up his cause, assumed the purple, and took the titles of Emperor and Augustus.

"The adventurer was well qualified for the perilous station which he had attained: he increased his navy by building a great many ships upon the Roman model; he courted the friendship of the Franks and other barbarous nations, invited their young men into his fleet and his army, trained them both to the land and sea service; and being in possession of both sides of the channel, he harassed the coasts of Gaul, and Spain, and Italy. A new naval force was to be created before any effort could be directed against him; but sailors cannot be made ready upon any sudden demand, like soldiers. Carausius obtained an easy victory; and Diocletian and Maximian saw they had no better course than that of making peace with him for the present. They acknowledged him, therefore, by the name of Marcus Aurelius Valerius Carausius, for their brother emperor, and resigned Britain to him. He soon recovered from the Picts and Scots all that had ever been possessed by the Romans; and he repaired the wall of Severus, which he is said to have strengthened with seven castles, or rather towers."

Among his labours was the building represented in the Cut. Its purpose remains to be noticed; and this is explained by Mr. Gordon, an indefatigable antiquarian of the last century, who supposes it to have been a *scellum*, or little chapel, used as a repository for the Roman insignia, or standards. The building has been demolished upwards of sixty years; for, Pennant passing this way, in his first tour in Scotland, in 1769, says—"To the mortification of every curious traveller, this matchless edifice is now no more; its barbarous owner, a gothic knight, caused it to be demolished, in order to make a mill-dam with the materials, which, within less than a year, the Naides, in resentment of the sacrilege, came down in a flood, and entirely swept away." If Mr. Gordon's conclusion of the date of the "Oven" be correct, the structure must have been nearly fourteen hundred years old at its destruction.

As the reader may be curious to know the future fate of Carausius, we return to Mr. Southey's interesting narrative:—

"Cultivating also the arts of peace as well as of war, Carausius, endeavoured to make the Romanized Britons sensible that it was not less for their advantage than their honour

that the emperor should reside among them. He struck sundry coins, specimens of which yet remain; and skilful artists came hither from the continent, attracted by the encouragement of a munificent sovereign. But the greatest proof of his policy is, that he formed a league with the piratical tribes who were then settled on the Thracian Bosphorus, the object of which was that they should send a strong fleet up the Mediterranean to join him on the British seas, and act against the Romans. Little pretence even to good faith was made in those imperial ages; and the peace which he had concluded with Diocletian and Maximian was tacitly intended on both sides to continue only till a favourable opportunity for breaking it should arrive. The old emperors, who at this time had adopted each a coadjutor and successor, exerted themselves now to crush an enemy, who, it was evident, would not long content himself with the possession of Britain. Maximian, accordingly, fitted out a fleet of a thousand sail in the Batavian ports; and the Caesar Constantius marched with an army to besiege Carausius in Gessoriacum. This undertaking seems to have been begun before the naval armament was ready to co-operate; and Constantius had no other means of cutting off the enemy from the succours which he received by sea, than building a dam across the harbour. He, no doubt, bore in mind the example of Alexander at Tyre, and did not take into consideration the force of the tide. So strong, however, was the mole which he erected, that Carausius, despairing of any other deliverance, broke through the Roman camp, with a few followers, in a dark night, and embarking in a small vessel, crossed to Britain. It is said, that on the following night the sea swept away the mole, and left the port open; but this, for which he must long have looked wistfully, occurred too late for Carausius, for the town surrendered, and with it a considerable part of his naval force. Constantius then was enabled to leave a sufficient squadron on the coast, and proceed with the rest of his fleet against the Franks, whom he entirely defeated.*

"Carausius, thus deprived of his dominion on the opposite coast, and of his allies also, was reduced to act on the defensive; and he might have maintained himself in Britain, and not improbably recovered the command of the channel, if any abilities could be secure against domestic treason. One of his chief officers, who was also his most trusted friend, Allectus by name, murdered him, and assumed the purple in his stead."

* Gibbon, ii. 123—127. (8vo edit.) Henry I. 62.

The Rev. Robert Hall once observed of Bishop Watson, that "he married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife."

* Mæcou's Hist. of the Ancient Germans, English translation, book vi. § iii. p. 243. Aurelius Victor, c. xxix. Eutropius, lib. ix. § xiii. there quoted. Turner, i. 162—164. Henry I. 61.

The Public Journals.

THE LION.

(From "The Wishing Cap," by Leigh Hunt, in *Tait's Magazine*.)

SOME mechanical-minded persons, out of an idle jealousy of the poets, (the best of all observers,) would fain have had us believe of late years, that the lion was a sneaking fellow, no better than a cat. They triumphantly desired us to notice how he watched, cat-like, for his prey; how idle he was, except when roused by hunger; and how quietly he could walk off before a score or so of men and dogs, after standing and looking them in the face, and considering their presented muskets. Unquestionably, the lion has a relationship to the cat—just as a great man has to the little people among his species. He also holds a *man in his mouth*, (a very terrible sight!) just as a cat does a mouse. But he does not sport with his prey! He is not cruel, not willing to get his pleasure out of one's pain. He watches, it is true, for his prey; but so would Jenkins, if he were an outlaw with nothing to eat, and a boy was going by with a leg of mutton. So would "Jenkins," do we say? So would the most dignified doctor or the greatest saint among us. Suppose that Dr. Johnson, or the Bishop of London, or even our gracious King William, had, by some accident, grown up in the woods, without education or speech, and been caught, and called Sam or William, the Wild Boy; and suppose he had been brought to town in a caravan, and had got loose about six o'clock in the evening, having had nothing to eat all day, and a man were going by with a dish of turtle from the pastry-cooks! Conceive the eye with which Wild Sam would stand looking from behind the caravan door, for fear his master should see him; and then the shout with which he would bolt forth upon the turtle, gobbling it up as if no dignity was in him. We say nothing of the varieties of other kinds of prey for which certain human beings watch; because we do not wish to lower the character of the lion who lurks only out of necessity, and not from their love of cheating and gain. That the lion is idle, except when he is hungry, may be admitted; but what is the plea for human occupation in general, except that a man "*must live*"—that he must "*get his bread*;" and that if he is idle, he will have no butcher's meat. It is astonishing with what coolness we flesh-eating, fish-hooking, stag-hunting, war-making, boroughmongering, two-legged animals, sit in judgment upon our fellow-creatures the quadrupeds; and abuse them for doing, out of sheer instinct and compulsion, what we perpetrate out of a deliberate, self-indulgence! Let those among us who have really not been educated for nothing, and who have a decent quantity of humanity

to go upon, do justice to the common instincts of lion and noble lord. As to his walking off before a multitude of men and dogs, with loaded muskets, and all sorts of advantages over him, it is what, in a Zenophon or a Frederick the Second, would have been called a *retreat*, not a skulking away. The lion refuses to risk his life, and that of others, to no purpose; and instead of praising him for it, we call him idle and skulking. It is surely enough that, before he makes up his mind to decline the battle, he can look calmly upon his enemies;—nay, (as they acknowledge themselves,) with the most lofty and courageous aspect. If a dog or so happens to come too near him on that occasion, he makes a movement of his paw, invisible as one of Belcher's pieces of by-play, and smites the mongrel to death; which is just as if he had said, "Do not misinterpret me, and behave like a puppy. I am standing thus, not for fear of you, but like a proper general, calculating his forces." When Homer speaks of a lion walking off, it is in compliment to his bravest warriors, and the reluctance with which they retire.

There is no one thing in the creation, which, deeply considered, is more mysterious than any other; but with that kindly permission to question her proceedings, in which Nature indulges us, we may be allowed, with all due reverence, to express our amazement at the existence of your wild beast. We can see "no exquisite reason for him." He seems as if his uses had been anterior to the present system of the world, and that he is "going out" accordingly. Perhaps the lion was the lap-dog of the antediluvians, or hunted a superior order of mice in the reign of Gian Ben Gian. At present, (unless it be his office to keep down the population of the CAMELEOPARD and the deer,) we see nothing in a lion or tiger, but a raging stomach, in the shape of a quadruped, impelled to fill itself at the cost of other stomachs; except, indeed, its existence involve some very exquisite sensations of health and comfort during its hours of repose; or be kept up in order to furnish our story-books with a pleasing terror, and our poets with similes. Doubtless, there are corners of things of which human inquiry knows nothing—even in objects with which it concludes itself to be well acquainted. A lion has affections, and will take kindly to the company of a dog or a kid. He has also a lofty, and even thinking countenance, in its way; and Heaven knows what may be his meditations during a bland interval of digestion, or what he or any other animal may know of us. He is also handsome after his kind. Marcus Aurelius, that most amiable of utilitarians, found beauty in the very gape of his jaws,—that "chasm of teeth," as Anacreon calls it. Certainly the lion has a mane, the sole use of which seems to be to give a

luxuriant grandeur to his aspect. Nature seems to warrant a certain pride and glory, not only in the robes of kings and fine ladies, but in the decoration she has bestowed upon certain animals—as in the mane of the lion, the tail of the peacock, &c. An "article" might be written on these propensities in her, which, in human beings, would be thought weaknesses, or a superfluous love of ornament and display. She thus furnishes one of the best arguments we know of for the shews of state, and an ornamental condition of government; only, in impelling us to see beyond them, she leaves us to settle the question as we please. We, therefore, for our parts, avail ourselves of this license, and are for clipping the robes of kings, and reducing the establishment of all kinds of lions.

How came the Americans, when they set up a republic, to take an eagle for their symbol? Their eagle, it is true, is an American one, the "bald eagle;" but why a "bald" eagle, or any other eagle? Why any animal *feræ naturæ*, and of the old royal brute standard? It was as much as to say to royalty, "I am as powerful as you, and have as good claws." Well; what then? Such an answer might have been well enough at the moment; but why give it for ever?—Why set up with an everlasting intention, an emblem of brute rivalry? It was done, probably, out of sheer want of thought; or, perhaps, victory and military power had an eye in it to Washington and the Romans. Washington himself had a bit of the eagle in his countenance, as soldiers are apt to have—and of the "bald" eagle too. Here was the beak and the decision; but no great indication of mind. Franklin objected to this royal, and imperial, and ravens symbol, and said he should have preferred a "turkey." "At dinner, so would I," Washington might have replied; "and you, doctor, are of the eating, rather than the fighting, species."—Frankling, it must be owned, was a little fatter than sage beseeemed, and had something of the turkey in the cut of his figure.

A time will come, perhaps not long first, when nations will be ashamed of these representations in the shape of eagles and lions, and adopt symbols more consonant with the ideas of wisdom and justice. A new coat-of-arms at the Herald's office is as ridiculous as if the heralds were to give a man a license to walk about in the dress of the twelfth century.

LIVE IN DEATH.

(Concluded from page 160.)

AGAIN his youthful features hardened into the gladiatorial expression of one grown old in crime and cruelty. Forth he went and returned with the Indian casket; he drew a table towards the coffin, placed two candles

upon it, and raised the lid: he started, some one touched him; it was only the little black terrier licking his hand, and gazing up in his face with a look almost human in its affectionate earnestness. Francis put back the shroud, and then turned hastily away, sick and faint at the ghastly sight. The work of corruption had begun, and the yellow and livid streaks awoke even more disgust than horror. But an evil purpose is ever strong; he carefully opened the phial, and with a steady hand, let one drop fall on the eye of the corpse. He closed the bottle, replaced it in the casket, and then, but not till then, looked for its effect. The eye, large, melancholy, and of that deep violet blue, which only belongs to early childhood, as if it were too pure and too heavenly for duration on earth, had opened, and full of life and beauty was gazing tenderly upon him. A delicious perfume filled the air; ah, the old man was right! Others had sought the secret of life in the grave, and the charnel-house; he had sought it amid the warm and genial influences of nature; he had watched the invigorating sap bringing back freshness to the forest tree; he had marked the subtle spring wakening the dead root and flower into bloom—the essence of a thousand existences was in that fragile crystal. The eye now turned anxiously towards the casket, then with a mute eloquence towards the son; it gazed upon him so piteously, he saw himself mirrored in the large clear pupil; it seemed to implore, to persuade, and at last, the long soft lash glistened, and tears, warm bright tears, rolled down the livid cheek. Francis sat and watched with a cruel satisfaction; a terrible expression of rage kindled the eye like fire, then it dilated with horror, and then glared terribly with despair. Francis shrank from the fixed and stony gaze. But his very terror was selfish.

"It must not witness against me," rushed into his mind. He seized a fold of the grave clothes, crushed the eye in the socket, and closed the lid of the coffin. A yell of agony rose upon the silent night. Francis was about to smite the howling dog, when he saw that it lay dead at his feet. He hurried with his precious casket from the chamber, which he never entered again.

Years have passed away, and the once gay and handsome Francis Saville is a grey and decrepit man, bowed by premature old age, and with a constitution broken by excess. But the shrewd man has been careful in his calculations; he knew how selfish early in indulgence and worldly knowledge had made himself, and he had resolved that so his children should not be corrupted: he had two, a boy and a girl, who had been brought up in the strictest ignorance and seclusion, and in the severest practices of the Catholic faith. He well knew that fear is a stronger

bond than love, and his children trembled in the presence of the father, whom their mother's latest words had yet enjoined them to cherish. Still the feeling of dutiful affection is strong in the youthful heart, though Mr. Savill resolved not to tempt it, by one hint of his precious secret.

"I cannot bear to look in the glass," exclaimed Mr. Saville, as he turned away from his own image in a large mirror opposite; why should I bear about this weight of years and deformity? My plan is all matured, and never will its execution be certain as now. Walter must soon lose his present insecure and devout simplicity, and on them only can I rely. Yes, this very night will I fling off the slough of years, and awake to youth, warm, glad, and buoyant youth."

Mr. Saville now rang the bell for his attendants to assist him to bed.

When comfortably settled, his children came as usual to wish him good night, and kneel for his blessing; he received them with the most touching tenderness. "I feel," said he, "unusually ill to-night. I would fain, Edith, speak with your brother alone."

Edith kissed her father's hand, and withdrew.

"You were at confession to-day when I sent for you," continued the invalid, addressing the youth, who leant anxiously by his pillow. "Ah, my beloved child, what a blessed thing it is to be early trained to the paths of salvation. Alas! at your age I was neglected and ignorant; but for that, many things which now press heavily on my conscience had, I trust, never been. It was not till after my marriage with that blessed saint your mother that my conscience was awakened. I made a pilgrimage to Rome, and received from the hands of our Holy Father the Pope, a precious oil, distilled from the wood of the true cross, which, rubbed over my body as soon as the breath of life be departed, will purify my mortal remains from sin, and the faith in which I die will save my soul from purgatory. May I rely upon the dutiful obedience of my child to the last wishes of his parent?"

"Oh, my father!" sobbed the youth.

"Extinguish the lights, for it is not fitting that humanity should watch the mysteries of faith; and, by your own hope of salvation, anoint the body the moment life is fled. It is contained in this casket," pointing to the little ebony box; "and thus you undo the spring. Leave me now, my child. I have need of rest and meditation."

The youth obeyed; when, as he was about to close the door, he heard the voice of Mr. Saville, "Remember, Walter; my blessing or my curse will follow you through life, according as you obey my last words. My blessing or my curse!"

The moment he left the room Mr. Saville

unfastened the casket, and from another drawer took a bottle of laudanum: he poured its contents into the negus on his table, and drank the draught!—The midnight was scarce passed when the nurse, surprised at the unwonted quiet of her usually querulous and impetuous patient, approached and undrew the curtain; her master was dead! The house was immediately alarmed. Walter and his sister were still sitting up in the small oratory which had been their mother's, and both hastened to the chamber of death. Ignorance has its blessing; what a world of corruption and distrust would have entered those youthful hearts, could they have known the worthlessness of the parent they mourned with such innocent and endearing sorrow.

Walter was the first to check his tears. "I have, as you know, Edith, a sacred duty to perform; leave me for awhile alone, and we will afterwards spend the night in prayer for our father's soul."

The girl left the room, and her brother proceeded with his task. He opened the casket and took out the phial; the candles were then extinguished, and, first telling the beads of his rosary, he approached the bed. The night was dark, and the shrill wind moaned like a human being in some great agony, but the pious son felt no horror as he raised the body in his arms to perform his holy office. An exquisite odour exhaled from the oil, which he began to rub lightly and carefully over the head. Suddenly he started, the phial fell from his hand and was dashed to atoms on the floor.

"His face is warm—I feel his breath! Edith, dear Edith! come here. The nurse was wrong: my father lives!"

His sister ran from the adjacent room, where she had been kneeling before an image of the Madonna in earnest supplication, with a small taper in her hand: both stood motionless from terror as the light fell on the corpse. There were the contracted and emaciated hands laid still and rigid on the counterpane; the throat, stretched and bare, was meagre and withered; but the head was that of a handsome youth, full of freshness and life. The rich chestnut curls hung in golden waves on the white forehead, a bright colour was on the cheek, and the fresh, red lips were like those of a child; the large hazel eyes were open, and looked from one to the other, but the expression was that of a fiend,—rage, hate, and despair mingling together, like the horrible beauty given to the head of Medusa. The children fled from the room, only, however, to return with the priest, who deemed that sudden sorrow had unsettled their reason. His own eyes convinced him of the truth: there was the living head on the dead body!

The beautiful face became convulsed with passion, froth stood upon the lips, and the

small white teeth were gnashed in impotent rage.

"This is, surely, some evil spirit," and the trembling priest proceeded with the form of exorcism, but in vain.

Walter then, with a faltering voice, narrated his last interview with his father.

"The sinner," said the old chaplain, "is taken in his own snare. This is assuredly the judgment of God."

All night did the three pray beside that fearful bed: at length the morning light of a glad day in June fell on the head. It now looked pale and exhausted, and the lips were wan. Ever and anon, it was distorted by sudden spasms,—youth and health were maintaining a terrible struggle with hunger and pain. The weather was sultry, and the body showed livid spots of decomposition; the beautiful head was still alive, but the damps stood on the forehead, and the cheeks were sunken. Three days and three nights did that brother and sister maintain their ghastly watch. The head was evidently dying. Twice the eyes opened with a wild and strong glare; the third time they closed for ever. Pale, beautiful, but convulsed, the youthful head and the aged body,—the one but just cold, the other far gone in corruption,—were laid in the coffin together!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Naturalist.

ACCOUNT OF A HURRICANE IN NORTH AMERICA.

(By J. J. Audubon, Esq. F. R. S. L. and Ed.)

VARIOUS portions of our country have, at different periods, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena in all its grandeur, I shall attempt to describe it for your sake, kind reader, and for your sake only, the recollection of that astonishing revolution of the ethereal element.

I had left the village of Shawanoy, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom-land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when, on a sudden, I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country,

and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop, and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the south-west, where I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there were one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for awhile, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling into pieces. First the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper parts of the massy trunks, and in many places, whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that, before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onward like a cloud of feathers, and on passing disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers, strewed in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a

feeling in my mind which it were impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches that had been brought from a great distance were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphureous odour was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle, to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood; although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles; another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I shall not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briars and bushes thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding districts. I have crossed the path of the storm at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and, again, four hundred miles farther off in the state of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all these different parts it appeared to me not

to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.—*Jameson's Edinb. New Philos. Journal.*

New Books.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF ALROY,

By the Author of "Vivian Grey," "Costarini Fleming," &c.

[THIS work is a brilliant effort of genius, though not a fit subject for cold, commonplace criticism: and it would be as unfair as it would be ill-judged to test its merits by ordinary canon. It is written upon a model if we mistake not, purely original: upon this the author advances an ingenious argument, which we have not time to follow, though, by way of abstract, we may state that he considers the age of versification has past; that the medium of the ancient poet was recitation, and that such fashion having passed away, we should no longer confine ourselves to the trammels of metre, which "makes all thoughts, ideas, and feelings—all action and all passion alike monotonous, and is at the same time essentially limited in its capacity of celebration;" but betake ourselves to a sort of poetico-prosaic style, and thus substitute "for the dull monotony of metre, the most various, and exquisite, and inexhaustible melody." Simply speaking, the style is founded upon the principle that a man gifted with a poetical imagination, is not a whit the less a poet because he cannot write verse; which reminds us of an observation of Seneca, quoted in one of our prefaces, that "a musician is never the less an artist because he wants his fiddle." But, we must leave the manner for the present, and come to the matter of the "wondrous tale." The hero is David Alroy, an adventurous impostor of the middle ages, or the twelfth century, under the shadow of whose wings the Eastern Jews gathered themselves for all purposes of jurisdiction, after the destruction of Jerusalem; while Alroy asserted himself an ascendant of David, and became dignified with the title of "the Prince of the Captivity." Of his marvellous career, enveloping as Mr. D'Israeli, jun. thinks "the richest materials of poetic fiction," the present tale is woven, with the aid of the supernatural machinery of Cabalists, with the "blended splendour and repose varied only by fitful starts of extravagant and overwhelming action, and marvellous vicissitudes of fortune, a strong influence of individual character, and a blind submission to destiny, imagination, passion, and credulity," which are some of the principal features of Oriental life. The result is a superb dramatic romance, of startling power, yet frequent poetic beauty and tenderness; of breathing words and burning thoughts, amidst some of the most gorgeous and fas-

cinating pictures of Eastern scenery which the romantic traveller could create from close observation and wonder-fraught fancy. The course of the hero is briefly run, and full of ill-starred incident. The opening shows us the tinsel Prince "in all his glory," and his sister Miriam; and one of the objects of his earliest exploits is the possession of the talismanic sceptre of Solomon, to which he is prompted by Jabaster, a cabalist. Thus:]

It was at sunset, on the third day after the arrival of Alroy at the cave of the Cabalist, that the Prince of the Captivity commenced his pilgrimage in quest of the sceptre of Solomon.

Silently the pilgrim and his master took their way to the brink of the ravine, and there they stopped to part—perhaps for ever.

Tradition delivered that the sceptre of Solomon could be found only in the unknown sepulchres of the ancient Hebrew monarchs, and that none might dare to touch it but one of their descendants. Armed with the cabalistic talisman, which was to guide him in his awful and difficult researches, Alroy commenced his pilgrimage to the Holy City. At this time, the love of these sacred wanderings was a reigning passion among the Jews, as well as Christians.

The Prince of the Captivity was to direct his course into the heart of those great deserts which, in his flight from Hamadan, he had only skirted. Following the track of the caravan, he was to make his way to Babylon, or Bagdad. From the capital of the Caliphs, his journey to Jerusalem was one comparatively easy; but to reach Bagdad he must encounter hardship and danger, the prospect of which would have divested any one of hope, who did not conceive himself the object of an omnipotent and particular Providence.

Clothed only in a coarse black frock, common among the Kourds, girded round his centre by a cord which held his dagger, his head shaven, and covered with a large white turban, which screened him from the heat, his feet protected only by slippers, supported by his staff, and bearing on his shoulders a bag of dried meat and parched corn, and a leathern skin of water, behold a youth toiling over the glowing sands of Persia, whose life had hitherto been a long unbroken dream of domestic luxury and innocent indulgence.

He travelled during the warm night, or the early starlit morn. During the day he rested: happy if he could recline by the side of some charitable well, shaded by a palm tree, or frighten a gazelle from its resting-place among the rough bushes of some wild rocks. Were these resources wanting, he threw himself upon the sand, and made an awning with his staff and turban.

Three weeks had elapsed since he quitted the cavern of the Cabalist. Hitherto he had met with no human being. The desert be-

came less arid. A scanty vegetation sprang up from a more genial soil, the ground broke into gentle undulations, his senses were invigorated with the odour of wild plants, and his sight refreshed by the glancing form of some wandering bird, a pilgrim like himself, but more at ease.

Soon sprang up a grove of graceful palm trees, with their tall thin stems, and bending feathery crowns, languid and beautiful. Around, the verdant sod gleamed like an emerald: silver streams, flowing from a bubbling parent spring, wound their white forms within the bright green turf. From the grove arose the softening song of doves, and showers of gay and sparkling butterflies, borne on their tinted wings of shifting light, danced without danger in the liquid air. A fair and fresh Oasis!

Alroy reposed in this delicious retreat for two days, feeding on the living dates, and drinking of the fresh water. Fain would he have lingered, nor indeed until he rested, had he been sufficiently conscious of his previous exertion. But the remembrance of his great mission made him restless, and steeled him to the suffering which yet awaited him.

At the dawn of the second day of his journey from the oasis, he beheld, to his astonishment, faintly but distinctly traced on the far horizon, the walls and turrets of an extensive city. Animated by this unexpected prospect, he continued his progress for several hours after sunrise. At length, utterly exhausted, he sought refuge from the overpowering heat beneath the cupola of the ruined tomb of some Moslem saint. At sunset he continued his journey, and in the morning found himself within a few miles of the city. He halted and watched with anxiety for some evidence of its inhabitants. None was visible. No crowds or cavalcades issued from the gates. Not a single human being, not a solitary camel moved in the vicinity.

The day was too advanced for the pilgrim to proceed, but so great was his anxiety to reach this unknown settlement, and penetrate the mystery of its silence, that ere sunset Alroy entered the gates.

A magnificent city, of an architecture with which he was unacquainted, offered to his entranced vision its gorgeous ruins and deserted splendour; long streets of palaces, with their rich line of lessening pillars, here and there broken by some fallen shafts, vast courts surrounded by ornate and solemn temples, and luxurious baths, adorned with rare mosaics, and yet bright with antique gilding: now an arch of triumph still haughty with its broken friezes, now a granite obelisk covered with strange characters, and proudly towering over a prostrate companion; sometimes a void and crumbling theatre, sometimes a long and elegant aqueduct, sometimes

a porphyry column, once breathing with the heroic statue that now lies shivered at its base—all suffused with the warm twilight of an Eastern eve.

He gazed with wonder and admiration upon the strange and fascinating scene. The more he beheld, the more his curiosity was excited. He breathed with difficulty; he advanced with a blended feeling of eagerness and hesitation. Fresh wonders successively unfolded themselves. Each turn developed a new scene of still and solemn splendour. The echo of his step filled him with awe. He looked around him with an amazed air, a fluttering heart, and changing countenance. All was silent: alone the Hebrew Prince stood amid the regal creation of the Macedonian captains. Empires and dynasties flourish and pass away, the proud metropolis becomes a solitude, the conquering kingdom even a desert; but Israel still remains, still a descendant of the most ancient kings breathed amid these royal ruins, and still the eternal sun could never rise without gilding the towers of living Jerusalem. A word, a deed, a single day, a single man, and we might be a nation.

A shout; he turns, he is seized; four ferocious Kourdish bandits grapple and bind him.

[Here, in ill-assorted company, we must leave Alroy for a few days, but promise the reader a future scene from his pilgrimage.]

The Gatherer.

Ancient House of Commons.—"Parliaments (says Pennant) often sat in Westminster Hall. In 1397, when, in the reign of Richard II., it was extremely ruinous, he built a temporary room for his parliament, formed with wood, and covered with tiles. It was open on all sides, that the constituents might see every thing that was said and done: and, to secure freedom of debate, he surrounded the house with 4,000 Cheshire archers, with bows bent, and arrows knocked ready to shoot. This fully answered the intent: for every sacrifice was made to the royal pleasure."

"In Westminster Hall was carried on the important trial of the great Earl of Stafford. I mention it to shew the simplicity of one part of the manners of the times. The Commons who had an inclosed place for themselves, at a certain hour pulled out of their pockets bread and cheese, and bottles of ale."

P. T. W.

Town and Country.—"The poor of a parish in London never know the rich of their parish; the rich know not the countenances of the poor. In the country it is otherwise, and, consequently, there is a degree of confi-

* Provost Baillie of Scotland's Letters in 1642.

dence respecting the poorer classes, which does not pervade the minds of the rich in London.—J. A. R. (*Mr. Roebuck, M.P.*) *Tait's Magazine.*

Sounding-board.—An ingenious plan for increasing the power of the voice has been carried into execution at Attercliffe Church, Sheffield, by erecting a concave sounding-board, to act as a reflector behind the reading-desk and pulpit, with the speaker's voice near the focus of the concave. The effect of this reflector, it is said, increases the power of the voice five times beyond its ordinary volume, so that it can be heard in the most distant corners of the church.* W. G. C.

Steam Engine.—One of the largest steam-engines, (and probably the most powerful one,) in the world, lately commenced working at Colonel Braddyll's new colliery at South Helton, near Durham. This stupendous machine has been erected for the purpose of pumping water from a depth of 876 feet. The diameter of its cylinder is 84 inches, length of stroke in cylinder nearly 10½ feet, ditto in pumps nearly 8½ feet, diameter of pumps 18½ inches, and when worked at ordinary speed, it will throw up from 55,000 to 60,000 gallons of water per hour. Its power is rated at that of 240 horses, but is capable of exerting the power of 300 horses in action together.—*Times.*

Living.—John Hunter used to say that most people lived above par, which rendered the generality of diseases and of accidents the more difficult of cure. Baron Maseser, who lived to be near ninety, and who never employed a physician, used to go one day in every week without dinner, eating only a round of dry toast at tea.—It is a remarkable fact, that severe fasting is attended by less inconvenience to those who are in motion all day long.—When Sir Isaac Newton was writing his *Principia*, he lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water.—*Medicina Simplex.*

* For further description of this invention, see *Arcana of Science* for 1829.

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